

Numb. XXXVI.

The L O V E R.

By MARMADUKE MYRTLE, Gent.

Concubitu prohibere vago —

Hor.

Tuesday, May 18. 1714.

I have heard it objected, by several Persons, against my Papers, that they are apt to kindle Love in young Hearts, and inflame the Sexes with a Desire for one another: I am so far from denying this Charge, that I shall make no Scruple to own it is the chief End of my Writing. *Love* is a Passion of the Mind, (perhaps the noblest) which was planted in it by the same Hand that created it. We ought to be so far, therefore, from endeavouring to root it out, that we should rather make it our Busines to keep it up and cherish it. Our chief Care must be to fix this, as well as our other Passions, upon proper Objects, and to direct it to a right End.

For this Reason, as I have ever shewn my self a Friend to Honourable Love, I have constantly discountenanced all vicious Passions. Tho' the several Sorts of these are each of them highly Criminal, yet that which leads us to defile another Man's Bed is by far of the blackest dye.

The excellent Author of *The whole Duty of Man*, has given us a very lively Picture of this Crime, with all those melaucholy Circumstances that must necessarily attend it. One must indeed wonder to see it punished so lightly among civilized Nations, when even the most Barbarous have regarded it with the utmost Horror and Detestation. I was lately entertained with a Story to this Purpose, which was told me by one of my Friends who was himself upon the Place when the thing happened.

In an Out-Plantation, upon the Borders of Potuxen a River in Maryland, there lived a Planter, who was Master of a great number of Negro Slaves. The Increase of these poor Creatures is always an Advantage to the Planters, their Children being born Slaves; for which Reason the Owners are very well pleased, when any of them marry. Among these Negroes there happened to be two, who had always lived together and contracted an intimate Friendship, which went on for several Years in an uninterrupted Course. Their Joys and their Griefs were mutual; their Confidence in each other was intire; Distrust and Suspicion were Passions they had no Notion of. The one was a Bachelor; the other married to a Slave of his own Complexion, by whom he had several Children. It happened that the Head of this small Family rose early one Morning, on a leisure Day, to go far into the Woods a hunting, in order to entertain his Wife and Children at Night with some Provisions better than ordinary. The Bachelor Slave, it seems, had for a long time entertained a Passion for his Friend's Wife; which, from the Sequel of the Story, we may conclude, he had endeavoured to stifle, but in vain. The Impatience of his Desires prompted him to take this Opportunity, of the Husband's Absence, to practise upon the Weakness of the Woman; which accordingly he did, and was so unfortunate as to succeed in his Attempt. The Hunter, who found his Prey much nearer home, than usual, returned some hours

(Price Two Pence.)

Hours sooner than was expected, loaden with the Spoils of the Day, and full of the pleasing Thoughts of feasting and rejoicing, with his Family, over the l'ruits of his Labour. Upon his entering his Shed, the first Objects that struck his Eyes were, his Wife and his Friend asleep in the Embraces of each other. A Man acquainted with the Passions of human Nature will easily conceive the Astonishment, the Rage, and the Despair, that over-powered the poor Indian at once: He burst out into Lamentations and Reproaches; and tore his Hair like one Distraught. His Cries and broken Accents awakened the guilty Couple; whose Shame and Confusion were equal to the Agonies of the injured. After a considerable Pause of Silence on both Sides, he expostulated with his Friend in Terms like these: My Wrongs are greater than I am able to express; and far too great for me to bear. My Wife—But I blame not her. After a long and lasting Friendship, exercised under all the Hardships and Severities of a most irksome Captivity; after mutual repeated Instances of Affection and Fidelity; could I suspect my Friend, my bosom Friend should prove a Traitor? I thought my self happy, even in Bondage, in the Enjoyment of such a Friend and such a Wife; but cannot bear the Thoughts of Life with Liberty, after having been so basely betrayed by both. You both are lost to me, and I to you. I soon shall be at Rest; live and enjoy your Crime. Adieu. Having said this, he turned away and went out, with a Resolution to dye imminediately. The guilty Negro followed him, touched with the quickest Sense of Remorse for his Treachery. 'Tis I alone, (said he) that am guilty; and I alone, who am not fit to live. Let me intreat you to forgive your Wife, who was overcome by my Importunities. I promise never to give either of you the least Disquiet for the future: Live and be happy together, and think of me no more. Bear with me but for this Night; and to Morrow you shall be satisfied. Here they both wept, and parted. When the Husband went out in the Morning to his Work, the first thing he saw was his Friend hanging upon the Bough of a Tree before the Cabin Door.

If the Wretches of this Nation, who set up for Men of Wit and Gallantry, were capable of feeling the generous Remorse of this poor Slave, upon the like Occasions, we should, I fear, have a much thinner appearance of Equipage in Town.

Methinks there should be a general Confederacy amongst all honest Men to exclude from Society, and to Brand with the blackest Note of Infamy, those Miscreants, who make it the Business of their Lives to get into Families, and to estrange the Affections of the Wife from the Husband. There is something so very base and so Inhuman in this modish Wickedness, that one cannot help wishing the honest Liberty of the *Ancient Comedy* were restor'd; and that Offenders in this Kind might be exposed by

their Names in our publick Theatres. Under such a Discipline, we should see those who now Glory in the Ruin of deluded Women, reduced to withdraw themselves from the just Resentments of their Country-men and Fellow-Citizens.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

This is to give Notice, That on Tuesday, the 25th of instant May, the Books will be opened at the Oyl Annuity-Office in great Russel-street in Bloomsbury, for taking Subscriptions for a Stock of one hundred thousand Pounds, at an Interest of forty five Pounds per Cent. per Annum, for two Years; in order to lay up great Quantities of Beech Malt, for making Oil, by Authority of Her Majesties Letters Patents under the Great Seal of Great-Britain, according to the Proposals lately published: And whereas several Gentlemen have called at the Office, and desired that Blanks may be kept for certain Sums of Money, without entering the Places of their Habitation: They are desired before the opening the Book, to remedy that Omision, least they run the Hazard of missing their Subscription, because above sixty thousand Pounds of the hundred thousand is already promised, and more daily bespoken: Proposals are still given gratis at the said Office.

No. 8. May 1. 1714. This Day a young Gentlewoman had a Worm brought away 16 Foot and odd inches long, by taking the Medicines of Mr. Moore, Apothecary, at the Peale and Mortar in Abchurch Lane, London. Note. This with several others of a prodigious Size are to be seen at the said Mr. Moore's, viz. one 30 Foot long, another 5 and an half, being part of one of 16 Yards odd Inches; another 6 Yards and an half, another 30 Foot, and another in form of a Bird, but very small: All brought away from 6 People. A fuller Account will be given by the Patients themselves.

I Edward Stacy, Weaver, in Butler's Ally in Little Moorfield, was troubled with the Scurvy, Dropsey, and Plethora, in so violent a manner, that I could not lie down in my Bed, but was forced to take my Rest in a Chair, and could get no Cure till I took the Medicines of Mr. John Moore, Apothecary at the Peale and Mortar in Abchurch-lane, London; he, through the Blessing of God, has perfectly restored me to my former Health, and tho' I gave him full Satisfaction for his Medicines, for the good of others I desire this may be Publish'd, as Witness my Hand, April 2, 1714.

Edw. Stacy.

On Thursday next will be Publish'd,

Polemo-Middinia, Carmen Macaronicum, Author: Gulielmo Drummond, Scotio-Britanno. Accedit Jacobii, id Nomini, Quinti, Regis Scotorum, Cantilena Rustica, Vulgo Inscrip'ta Chriti Kirk on the Green. Editio Castigatissima. Apud Ferdinandum Burleigh in Vico dicto Amen Corner.

This Day is Published, with an Elzevir Letter 12mo,

The Sixth Edition of A Poem, to his Excellency the Lord Privy-Seal, on the Prospect of Peace. By Mr. Tickell. Printed for Jacob Tonson, at Shakespear's Head over-against Catherine-street in the Strand.

Lately Published, the Second Edition of
The Law of Elections; being an Abstract of all the Statutes now in Force relating to the Election of Members to serve in the House of Commons. In three Sections, viz. The Duties of the Electors, the Elected and the Officers Returning, Continued to the End of the last Session of Parliament. Printed for J. Tonson at Shakespear's Head over-against Catherine-street in the Strand. Where may be had an Essay towards the History of Dancing, in which the whol: Art and its various Excellencies are in some Measure explain'd. Containing the several Sorts of Dancing, Antique and Modern, Serious, Scandalous, Grotesque, &c. with the Use of it as an Exercise, Qualification, Diversion, &c.

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Where Advertisements are taken in.

